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— THE —

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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THE COMING BOOK.

THE undersigned takes great pleasure in announcing a forthcoming volume, which was contemplated and partially prepared twenty years ago—when a measurably complete biographical outline of the subject appeared in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The book has been in active progress and revision during the past four years; but has been delayed by circumstances well-known to the public, long past the time at which we had hoped to issue it. It is

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH SMITH,

which will be issued from the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR Office about the 1st of August, 1888.

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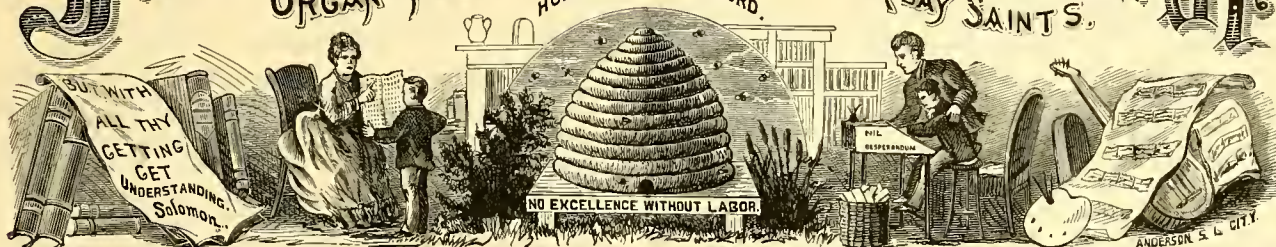
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THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XXIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1888.

NO. 11.



A PRETTY GERMAN LEGEND. (See page 162.)

A PRETTY GERMAN LEGEND.

WITH the pretty picture on the first page is connected a touching little story. All my older readers will be able to tell without much waiting in which of the countries of the earth the scene is laid. The superstitions of Germany, the home of myth and romance, whose little sons and daughters hear in their earliest infancy wierd specimens of folk-lore, and heartily believe every sort of story about elves, and goblins, and sprites, contrive in the midst of a great deal of nonsense and falsehood to point some good morals and adorn with some grains of truth the most unlikely tale. Such a story has the aged grandfather been telling his daughter's children, the little girls Minna and Gretchen, and he has brought them out under the spreading eaves of the house to finish his narrative while they observe the objects to which he refers.

Before giving his words let me ask your careful notice of the surroundings. You have no doubt heard of a class of houses among the peasant population in some parts of Germany, France and Scandinavia which shelter not only the family but the cows, swine and poultry as well. Such dwellings really exist, though they are not commonly constructed, as many would at first imagine, so that the human beings and the dumb animals occupy the same or even contiguous apartments. I have seen many of them, in the course of European travel, and found them to be not nearly as dirty and inconvenient as I had expected. The usual plan is to make use of one end of the building for the family, and this end of course is fitted up with more or less regard to cleanliness and comfort. The other end, which in usual buildings of this style is quite a distance from the family dwelling, the houses generally being very long, may be devoted to stalls and pens for the stock. Between the two is a large, open, and airy portion, in which the smaller kinds of agricultural machinery, wheelbarrows, etc., as well as the more bulky articles of occasional household use, such as tubs, churns, etc., are stored, free from exposure to storms, and always within convenient reach. In this part of the building, the storeroom and workshop, the chickens usually make their roost, and this is the part of the peasant's house represented in the picture.

Let me now, after this digression, tell you the story the grandfather has just been telling the children: "Long, long ago, before even my grandfather's father was born, there was a mighty prince, whose domain was fair and broad, whose people were industrious and happy, who had no desire himself which he could not gratify, and no ambition which even the best of men could in any manner condemn as unworthy or improper. In short, himself and his people had attained nearly to perfection, and were, consequently, as much happier as they were better than the other kingdoms of the earth. For many years this peaceful state of things continued to exist. There was no war, no discord of any kind, either with neighbors or among the people themselves. The earth smiled and laughed under this fortunate community; while the sun and the heavens which arched over them seemed to fairly pour down the blessings of warmth and moisture, making pure and pleasant the air which they breathed and prospering the work of their hands. They were farmers as a rule, and it might be said manufacturers too; for in almost every house could be found the busy loom in which the cloth for the family wear was woven. But there were no factories with their high chimneys sending out great black clouds of smoke and soot, no crash and roar of railroads or steam boilers. As for morals, there was no profanity, no stealing, no back-biting. If the

worthy burghers drank their portion of beer, they did so in reason and moderation, so drunkenness was also unknown. Finally the members of this community seemed to have escaped the general curse, and the power of evil had apparently been unable so far to make any inroads upon them. Faith was general and charity was an active principle.

"But now a change came over the happy prospect, and those who had so long enjoyed the sweet things of life were permitted for a time to taste its bitter. One day a stranger, a man of similar appearance to themselves, yet with a more lively tongue and more piercing black eyes, suddenly presented himself among them. Where he came from no one knew. How he came no one was able to tell. He just made his appearance, that was all, and there he appeared determined to stay. Although a stranger, he seemed acquainted with all their ways, and sought at first to conduct himself so discreetly that they could not choose but consider him as one of themselves. He soon became popular, for he gave evidence of wide knowledge and experience. Besides, he was fascinating, and could always of an evening obtain the attention of the young men and women, even though the old ones shook their heads and kept to themselves. Yet they could not find anything to condemn in his talk or actions.

"It was not long after thus getting established, for the new-comer went to work for one of the citizens who had two fine, stalwart sons, before a change began to be manifest, especially among the younger members of the community. There was talk of the great world outside their borders, great nations where excitement and bustle and ambition prevailed, where men achieved glory and renown, and where wealth flowed into the hands of those who would only rouse up and receive it. For a long time these murmurs of discontent, for discontent with their present state it certainly was, were kept from the ears of the older men, who nevertheless were certain there was some new influence at work, though they were not aware of its tendency. As time went on, the murmurs became louder, and after a while some of the bolder of the young men came out bluntly with the declaration that the slow life they were leading in the home of their youth was intolerable to them. The disease, we may call it such, rapidly spread, the stranger, however, seeking all the time to maintain a discreet silence before the seniors and affecting great deference for them. At last, when he had sown the seeds of dissatisfaction and they had borne fruit in the minds of nearly all his hearers, he threw off every reserve, and invited the dupes who were overcome by his persuasions to follow him to the wide and busy world, where fortune awaited them. Half the community listened to his invitation and took leave of all that were dear to them. There were left only the old men, the women and the very young children.

"Of course when the bone and muscle had departed, the prosperity of the happy community began at once to wane. The farms ran down through neglect, buildings were no longer kept neat and in repair, the cattle and sheep decreased in number and became inferior in quality, the regular sound of the loom was no longer heard. The whole region like its inhabitants seemed fast slipping into a decline and then a dissolution. Death soon began his inroads upon the people, the king being the first one called to go. In a few years all the old folks had passed away. Some of the children who had been old enough to remember the going away of the workers in the hive wondered at and could not understand the changed appearance in their homes and surroundings. The women and the survivors among the old people tried to explain it to

them. Where there had been prosperity and plenty there was now poverty and want. Ruin stared them in the face, and they were all about to perish from starvation. Suddenly one day a large flock of swallows appeared and with lively chirping and many airs of business set about building their nests under the eaves and in odd corners of the half-falling houses. They created a buzz of wonder for a time, and no small amount of amazement, for they had never been seen in the country before.

Within a few days, a few careworn, hungry, ragged stragglers made their way to the doors of some of the houses, asking questions which showed that they had at some time known the members and the habits of the community. They were the advance guard of the proud body of men who had been led away by the deceiver years before. Soon their companions followed, that is, as many as were still living, and, seated under the rickety roofs, but grateful that they were again at home, they told their pitiful story. Their leader had sought his own glory and advancement, and had plunged them into every kind of trouble. He had hired them out as soldiers, worked some of them in mines under the ground and taken himself all their earnings. And when disaster and trouble came upon them, he had left them to make their way home as best they could or perish where they were. Bitterly had they wept and lamented their folly. At times they cursed themselves for listening to a stranger instead of to their own fathers, at other times they prayed that they might yet have an opportunity to meet their parents again and obtain their forgiveness. Their prayers, as you have seen, were not answered, for they delayed their return too long. But they got home at last, wretched, heart-broken, but wiser if not better men. Providence again smiled on them and their homes, and a measure of happiness was again granted to them. They wanted no further intercourse with the cruel world outside, and within their own boundaries were soon in possession of all worldly comforts, though the thoughts of the evil and sorrow they had wrought could not be forgotten, but remained in their memories to their dying day.

"This is why, my children, the swallows come every year, and why they come to old houses and tumble-down buildings. They always come where they will find little children and old grandfathers and grandmothers to tell the story of their first appearance so many years ago. They know we will warn our little darlings that their friends always counsel them for the best, and that the old, old story will be always new,—a bird's in danger when it scorns the parents' nest."

This, my little readers, is the substance, if not the words, which the kind old grandfather in the picture has been telling the little girls who cling about him. I can add nothing to it, only to ask you when tempted by some bright but thoughtless associate to do what you know your parents would grieve over, to remember the German story of the first appearance of the swallows.

How consistent are the doctrines of Christ, as taught in the word of God. Faith is begotten in the human mind by preaching, repentance naturally follows, and baptism is then administered that the sins repented of may then be washed away, preparing the sinner for the greatest gift of God to man, the Holy Spirit, which is the seal of adoption into the kingdom of God.

THE LONELY STATESMAN.

"IT would not be at all strange," said Macaulay, in the *Edinburgh Review*, almost forty years ago, "if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England."

That prophecy has been fulfilled. What Jeremiah was to the Court of Zedekiah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, Mr. Gladstone is to the nobility and the people of the Three Kingdoms.

Mr. Gladstone's political life abounds in illustrations of the fickleness of popular favor. He has been the pet and the aversion of the aristocracy, the pride and scorn of Oxford, and the idol of the men who have compelled the removal of his bust from the Reform Club.

The people who once rallied round him as their Tribune, at another time broke the windows of his London house, and forced the man whose name was a household word to seek refuge in a tradesman's shop from public insult.

The great leader knows that his hostility to war with Russia left him with but few followers. He is willing to retire to private life, and thus pay the penalty incident to a prophet who stands alone. But while he stands in a public station, he will retain the courage of his conviction.

England has been fruitful in brave, honest statesmen; but she has had no braver leader, no more honest councillor, than the man who, in announcing his determination to resign his seat for the borough of Greenwich, thus spoke face to face with his constituents of the war: "You know I am no lover of war, but, looking at all the wars of recent times, I am constrained to say, speaking not of the efforts of human agents, but of the aims and purposes of Providence, that I know of none that has produced results more glorious than the one which has so recently been brought to a conclusion."

Mr. Gladstone must possess his soul in patience. Time, which rights all things, will do him full justice. Yet to the few who do not allow the popular clamor to influence their judgment, he is still, what Bunsen wrote of him thirty years ago, "the first man in England as to intellectual power, and he has heard higher tones than any one else in this island."

Foremost among his friends stands John Bright, always loyal to the great statesman, and always ready to defend his reputation. Not long since, Mr. Bright dined with the Princess Louise along with a select party of duchesses. One of these great ladies, following the fashion, began to abuse Mr. Gladstone.

"Madame," said John Bright, in his grave way, "have you any children?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then permit me to advise you to take them on the first opportunity where they may see Mr. Gladstone, and when they are in his presence, say to them they are standing before one of the greatest Englishmen who ever lived, and who has done his country, perhaps, the greatest service it was ever permitted an Englishman to do, by preserving it from a wanton and wicked war."

None of the many plucky things which Mr. Bright has done will outrank this brave eulogy, uttered to those whose hostility to Mr. Gladstone is not only personal and political, but prompted by the royal family. Men often honor the prophets whom their fathers hated, and some day England will praise the loyal man whom she now abuses, and recognize the worth of one who stands as "a pillar steadfast in the storm."

GEMS OF TRUTH.

BY B. E. RICH.

Repentance.

REPENTANCE does not consist in merely pointing out the evil and professing to be very much grieved that it exists, but consists in refraining from the evil, and pointing out the remedy by which it can be corrected, and applying that remedy, as far as possible, and teaching all others to apply it.

ORSON PRATT, *on True Repentance*, p. 23.

The preachings of the priesthood are attended with greater power, and they are of a nature calculated to prepare the people for the more perfect observance of the celestial law, and the more full enjoyment of the blessings which it bestows. The meek and humble are rejoicing in these principles, and in the strictness with which the word of the Lord is proclaimed; they fully realize a reformation and have entered into it with all their hearts. Those who can see no reason for such a movement, who think they are all right, and that they are sufficiently holy and pure, will find, after a little, that the laws of the Lord are too strict for them, and they will feel like seeking a more congenial abiding place.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, *Western Standard*, p. 274.

A man who continues in wrong doing, has not truly repented, however religious he may appear to be. It is only the outside that he has made white, the inside has not been purified, and like many diseases human flesh is heir to, will work its way to the surface and mar the whole body.

JOHN MORGAN, *Juvenile Instructor*, vol. xiv, p. 172.

How repugnant to the feelings of every human being, who has received any portion of the enlightening influence of the Divine Spirit, is the idea of sending a murderer, who on the scaffold, confesses Jesus, unto the mansion of glory; while his victim, poor man, though he has wronged no one, is sent straightway to be punished forever, because, forsooth, he did not join himself to any denomination.

JOSEPH STANDING, *Juvenile Instructor*, vol. xiv, p. 178.

Take away all prospect of redemption from any man or woman, and that soul is lost. Why? Because ambition is gone. They do not endeavor to make amends for their sins because they are told that efforts will be of no avail. I wish to say that when such doctrine includes time and eternity—except for the sin of murder, and the sin of lying against the Holy Ghost—all such doctrine is false before the Lord. I say to one and all, repent of your sins and return unto the Lord and serve Him, and He will abundantly pardon and forgive you. Yet you will have to pay the penalty for the sins you have committed.

JOHN W. TAYLOR, *Remarks at Conference*, April 6, 1888.

What, then, let us inquire, is this repentance, which is so important and so imperatively necessary to salvation? It is generally imagined that repentance is simply sorrow or regret; but such is not the case. It is not a mere sorrow for sin; it is not a mere regret for the past. It embraces in its meaning the principle of amendment, improvement, change. It is not an abandonment of the feelings to mere grief. It is not a mere passivity of mind, but an active principle, affecting the life, altering the conduct, modifying and changing the course of life hitherto pursued.

Mill. Star, vol. xx, p. 587.

Now upon the subject of repentance; I have been told in my boyhood that it is a sorrow for sin. There are two kinds of sorrow spoken of in Scripture; Paul says godly sorrow worketh repentance that needeth not to be repented of, but, says he, "The sorrow of the world worketh death." The sorrow of the world is of this nature; for instance, we find men who curse and swear, lie and steal, get drunk, etc., and when they are reproved, or even when they reflect in their reflective moments, they are sorry for their conduct, but does that prove they repent? Certainly not, a man may be sorry for sin and not repent thereof. You may see the drunkard at home intoxicated, abusing his wife and children, but when he is sober he is sorry for the act, and perhaps the next day is found drunk again, he still continues to pour down the intoxicating fire-water, and is sorry again; does he repent? No, but he is sorry with the sorrow of the world, which worketh death, which is to sin and be sorry for it, and go and sin again; but godly sorrow worketh repentance that needeth not to be repented of. What kind of sorrow do we understand Peter to mean when he said to the Jews, "Repent." We understand him to mean, they were to forsake their sins; to cease to do evil, let him that stole, steal no more, let him that got drunk, cease the sinful practice; let him who has been in the habit of doing wrong in any way, cease to do wrong, and learn to do right.

JEDEDIAH M. GRANT, *Journal of Dis.* vol. ii, p. 227.

Remember how much you have at stake, that it is no less than the eternal happiness of the soul, eternal life beyond the grave. Oh, how many millions have gone down to their graves in an impenitent state! You may in an unexpected moment be cut off also. O then, give heed to the warning voice; let your heart be humble, and your spirit be contrite: confess your sins before God, and forsake them, and prepare yourself in all things to receive forgiveness through the ordinance of baptism.

ORSON PRATT, *Tract on True Repentance*, p. 32.

Many persons have claimed fellowship in the church who have not lived according to the requirements of the gospel; but this should be no longer permitted. The laws of the Lord must be more strictly enforced, and such persons must repent and bring forth the fruits of righteousness in their lives, or be severed from the church. If persons professing to be members of the church be guilty of lying, drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, profanity, defrauding or backbiting their neighbors, or any other kind of wickedness or unrighteous dealing, they should be visited by the teachers of the ward in which they reside, and their wrongs pointed out to them in the spirit of meekness and brotherly kindness, and they be exhorted to repent. If they should persist in their wrong-doing, then their cases should be brought before the bishop and his councilors, and they should be cited to appear to answer the charges made against them. If, upon proper and sufficient testimony, it should appear that they have been guilty of acts which are in violation of the law of God, and they will not repent, then they shall be expelled from the church, and their names be no longer numbered among the Saints.

CIRCULAR OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY, July 11, 1877.

PRIDE grows with the decrease of other sins, and thrives by their decay. Satan is subtle; he will make a man proud of his very graces—he will make him proud that he is not proud.

LESSONS ON HEALTH.

BY E. F. P.

CHAPTER III.

TO learn what articles are proper food we should be governed by the Word of Wisdom. In it we have the unerring word of the Lord on the subject. It is remarkable though to find those who claim belief in revelation disregard what the Lord has said upon the matter of food, and place greater dependence upon what some physician says concerning diet. But if we profess to be true Latter-day Saints we must acknowledge that our Creator knows what is best for us; and we will be made to realize that He will not be mocked in this matter. For the benefit of the reader, that he may refer to it without inconvenience, the whole text of the revelation known as the Word of Wisdom is here inserted. It would be well to read it carefully at least twice before proceeding any further:

Revelation given through Joseph, the Seer, at Kirtland, Geauga County, Ohio, February 27th, 1833.

A Word of Wisdom, for the benefit of the Council of High Priests, assembled in Kirtland, and church; and also the saints in Zion.

To be sent greeting—not by commandment or restraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days.

Given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all saints, who are or can be called Saints

Behold, verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, in consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation,

That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before Him.

And, behold, this should be wine, yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your own make.

And, again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies.

And again tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill.

And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly.

And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature and use of man.

Every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof; all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving.

Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly;

And it is pleasing unto me they should not be used only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine.

All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth;

And these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger.

All grain is good for the food of man, as also the fruit of the vine, that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground.

Nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain.

And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow to their bones,

And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint;

And I, the Lord give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen.

In the foregoing revelation we are given to understand in the first place that wine and strong drinks are not to be used as beverages—that wine in its pure state is to be used for sacramental purposes; and other strong drinks, which are used for drinks, are for the washing of the body—the outside or external part, not the inside or internal part. This statement from our Heavenly Father should be sufficient upon this point. It should need no further argument to convince us that these things are good only for the purposes specified. To prove that they are ruinous to the mind and body, when used as drinks, we have only to look at the depraved, miserable wretches who have indulged in their use until they have become slaves to their appetites. If we want still further proof of the folly of drinking strong drinks, and to learn how destructive they are to the system, we can do so by reading what physicians say about them. But it is considered unnecessary to dwell at any greater length upon this subject. The best thing to do is to leave strong drinks entirely alone, and never have the curiosity to even taste them. The familiar saying with temperance advocates is, “If you never take the first drink you will never become a drunkard.” Remember this.

Tobacco is considered by the Lord as being unfit for the use of man. There are very few if any persons who have become addicted to its use but feel that they would be better without it; and they have no good reason for using it only that they have in their ignorance formed the habit and cannot easily resist it.

It is quite probable that every young person who has enough interest in his bodily welfare to read these articles has no desire or inclination to use tobacco or strong drink. Their evil effects are so well known that they need not be dwelt upon at this time. The object is to call attention to practices that are not so widely known as evil ones.

The Word of Wisdom teaches us that hot drinks are not good for the body. This is supposed to and probably does refer more particularly to tea and coffee which even in themselves are considered injurious, as they are stimulating in their nature, and have the same effect, only in a less degree, upon the system as do spirituous or fermented liquors.

The Lord states that the Word of Wisdom was given as a warning, “in consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days.” Tea and coffee, it is believed, are the articles most particularly forbidden on this account. As they are imported from abroad, it is easily made possible for them to be adulterated with poisonous substances by those who may have an intent to do us harm. But hot drinks are not tea and coffee only. Pure water and milk are injurious to the stomach and to the teeth if they are taken while hot. It is surprising to find that prominent physicians will recommend people who are subject to dyspepsia to drink hot water—as hot as they can possibly bear, and to increase the temperature as they become accustomed to it! Common sense should teach any one that if hot water will scald and blister the outer parts of the body it is likely to injure the internal and more tender parts more severely. Hot drinks are not good for any purpose. It is a safe rule not to drink anything of a higher temperature than the blood.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

DIALOGUE ON DRESS.

FOR TWO LITTLE GIRLS, DAISY AND DOTTY.

Daisy.

Oh! Dot, what makes you come to-day,
So poor and plainly dress'd?
Why don't you put on something nice,
And pretty, like the rest?

Dotty.

Well, Daisy, if I feel content,
With what I choose to wear,
I don't see why my friends need fret,
Or that you ought to care.

Daisy.

But people call you odd and strange;
And say you're weak and slow;
It hurts me, when I hear such things,
For you are good, *I know*.

Dotty.

Oh! never mind it, Daisy dear;
I'd rather not seem strange;
But people must think what they will—
The *truth* I cannot change.

Daisy.

It's nothing, Dot, to do with truth—
Your dress, once in a while,
You *might* change—and, to please your friends,
Put on a little style.

Dotty.

Then why can't you drink tea and wine?
Eat pork, and all the rest?
'Gainst which such woes are not pronounced,
As being proudly dress'd?

Daisy.

Why, that would injure me in health!
The revelations tell,
That if from such things we refrain,
We shall be strong and well.

Dotty.

But don't your tight shoes hurt your feet?
And make them lame and sore?
And don't you sometimes gently wish
That corsets no one wore?
I think, such things will be left off,
By *every faithful* Saint,
Who "shall run and not be weary,"
Who "shall walk and not grow faint."

What are our people living for,
In these great latter days?
Merely to put on pretty clothes,
And study pretty ways?
I should be wicked if I spent
My time, and father's means,
To dress up like the daughters gay,
Of proud and worldly queens.
Don't be offended, Daisy, but
Your words to me are vain,
Since the dear Lord has told us
That our clothing should be plain.
When Bab'lon falls, and from her lap,
Zion no more procures,
Perhaps my dress may be as good,
And beautiful as yours.
When Zion's honest laborers gain
Great skill and ready art,
I'll wear *their* fine materials,
With glad and grateful heart.
The Prophet Brigham Young has said,
When angels we shall see,
We'll find their clothing neat and good,
But plain as plain can be.
Do we not love to think that we
Shall sometime be like them?
Why, then, while living here on earth,
A plain, good dress condemn?

Daisy.

Oh! Dot, I never, never can
Be good and sweet like you;
Wear what you will, I know your heart
Is humble, pure and true.
And likely, all we stylish girls,
No matter what we say,
Will, sometime, gladly learn of you—
But, oh! we can't to-day!

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY IN NO. 9.

1. WHO went and spoke to Governor Ford about the character of the parties who had made the oath upon which Joseph and Hyrum were arrested? A. Elder John Taylor.

2. Of what did he remind the Governor? A. Of the solemn promises and pledges which he had made to the Prophet and his friends, that they should be protected.

3. Did this have the effect of moving Ford to fulfill the promises which he had made? A. It did not.

4. If he had been a man true to his word what would he have done? A. Taken measures to check the illegal proceedings of Captain Smith.

5. At the request of Elder John Taylor who was appointed to guard the prisoners to jail? A. Captain Dunn with some twenty men.

6. Who went to the jail beside Joseph and Hyrum? A. Willard Richards, John Taylor, John P. Greene, Stephen Markham, Dan Jones, John S. Fullmer, Dr. Southwick and Lorenzo D. Wasson.

7. Who was the jailor? A. Mr. Geo. W. Stigall.

8. How was the evening spent by the brethren in jail? A. Most pleasantly in conversation on various interesting subjects, and before retiring prayer was offered.

9. On the morning of the 26th what did Joseph write to Gov. Ford. A. A request for an interview. He informed him that they had been committed under a false mittimus, and that, therefore, the proceedings were illegal.

10. What did the Governor again promise Joseph? A. That he should have protection and that if he went to Nauvoo he would take Joseph with him.

11. When the Governor returned to the hotel from his visit to the jail what did Brother Alfred Randall hear a soldier tell him? A. "The soldiers are determined to see Joe Smith dead before they leave here."

12. How did Ford reply? A. "If you know of any such thing keep it to yourself."

THE names of those who correctly answered the Questions on Church History published in No. 9, are Henry H. Blood, John F. Porter, Jas. G. West, Annie S. Sessions, Lottie Fox, Heber C. Blood and Avildia L. Page.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Who prosecuted the case against the Prophet and his associates? 2. What was Joseph's reply when Patriarch John Smith inquired if he himself expected to escape from his enemies? 3. How did the prisoners employ their time on the eve of martyrdom? 4. To whom did Joseph express his presentiment of death after retiring for the night? 5. To what desire did the Prophet then give expression? 6. What promise was made to Dan Jones who was lying by Joseph's side? 7. What was the substance of Frank Worrell's remarks when Brother Jones asked him concerning the noise made during the night? 8. To whom was

Brother Jones sent to tell what he had heard? 9. What further evidence of the contemplated murder was gained by this messenger while on his way to the Governor?

LOST.

THERE hangs on the wall a picture of a pure and beautiful young face. Almost directly under it sets a coarse, brutal man.

The lamplight falls on the picture, and the fire-light shines on the face of the man. The picture is the portrait of the latter in his innocent boyhood; yet I can hardly recognize the features of the portrait in the face of the man, so much has he lost since his youth.

The man dreams on in a drunken reverie, while the wind of a rainy night in May complains without. My mind goes back twenty years, to the time when that picture was painted, and I count one by one the losses of the unhappy sleeper, while the clock ticks away the hour.

He had beauty then,—a pure blue eye, a loving cheek, a lip that gave expression to hope-inspiring words. The beauty is gone—lost.

He had health. That, too, has departed. He is a tremulous, gray-haired, shattered man.

Beauty and health lost!

He had confidence in every one then. He curses now even father, mother, wife and son.

Beauty and health and confidence lost!

He had honor. He was trusted. The confidence of home, friends and employers, all were his. To-day, with a lying lip, he has pawned the most sacred gifts for rum.

Beauty, health, confidence, honor,—all gone!

He had warm affections. His wife has left him and taken away his child. His poor father has just left his side with a groan, and his sister is weeping in her chamber.

Beauty, health, confidence, honor and affection,—lost!

He had self-respect. The rags that now cover him scantily, tell the story of his loss.

He had reverence for sacred things. He loved the place of divine worship. He shuns them now. The church bell smites his heart; the hymn seems like a reproach. His love of holy associations is lost.

The May wind sighs as I sit with the two pictures before me,—one of hopeful innocence, the other of a lost man. The clock ticks on. I ask, What must be the condition of a lost soul?

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1888.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

GREAT attention has been paid of late years to the education of women. A complete revolution has, also, taken place within a short period in regard to, what are called, their rights. The agitation which has been conducted now for some years by women's organizations has brought the question of their rights fully before the people. In some places they are permitted to vote and to hold office, and many of the states have enacted laws by which they can hold property in their own names.

It seems strange that anyone should question the right of a woman to hold in her own name property that belongs to herself; but this is really a step that is greatly in advance of the former ideas that prevailed on this subject. In former times—and it is still the case in some places—when a woman married she lost her individuality, became swallowed up, as it were, in her husband. No matter how much she might own, he had full control of it and full control of herself. A different view prevails at the present; and though there are many who think that women ought not to be permitted to vote, still this feeling is gradually changing. Of late years women have entered into professions from which they were formerly excluded. This is notably the case in the practice of medicine. It seems very appropriate for women to administer in cases of sickness to women. But this was formerly opposed. At the present time, however, it is conceded that there is no impropriety in women acquiring skill in medicine, and especially in being physicians for their own sex.

One of the results of the agitation of this question is apparent in the increased employment of woman in various pursuits from which she was formerly excluded. Advanced thinkers urge the necessity of making women self-sustaining. They urge that they should be trained so that in the event of misfortune coming upon their parents or upon their husbands, they shall be able to make their own living through their own exertions. It is suggested that young girls make ample provision for the future by acquiring a knowledge of some branch by the practice of which they may be able to make a living. One writer in a popular magazine states that two years will suffice to make any bright, quick girl conversant with all the mysteries of the art of housekeeping. He urges that in such a case she should be wise enough to study the art practically as well as theoretically.

It is stated that the columns of the *London Daily Telegraph* have been largely occupied of late by correspondence on this question—the question of furnishing occupations for women. One young lady, who was one of six daughters, relates the experience of herself and her sisters. Their parents were wealthy, and they had been accustomed to all the luxuries which wealth could supply; but financial failures brought distress upon them. Their father lost his entire fortune, and his health broke down. They were thrust upon their own resources. They found that their accomplishments were of

little avail. Their knowledge of German, French and music, would not bring them in a living. Two of the girls went in for cooking. They went into the kitchens of wealthy people and taught their cooks and daughters what they had learned; and on occasions when they had dinner parties they cooked and dished the dinners themselves. They found this very hard work; but they were well paid for it, and upon the income thus earned they lived comfortably and were their own mistresses.

There is no doubt that in this country a girl who acquires skill in cooking and general housekeeping can always find ready employment and obtain good wages. The services of such a person are in such demand among us, and more especially in the East, where wealth is more abundant, that she can select the family that would suit her best to live with. There would be no necessity for her to live in a household where she would not be fully respected. Skill and intelligence always command their price. They call forth genuine respect, also, among all right-feeling people. There may be some who would look down upon a girl who occupied such a position; but the opinion of such persons would be of little value. Right-thinking people would only entertain a feeling of respect for one who, a lady in education and in demeanor, would still feel independent enough to occupy such a position to make an honorable living.

We see no reason why our girls in this country should not be taught to be self-sustaining. It should be the aim of every parent to teach his children how to sustain themselves, and also to contribute to the sustenance of others. There are many branches of industry which girls can learn, and if they never have the need of depending upon them for a livelihood, it costs nothing to have the knowledge. It develops self-reliance and makes a woman feel independent to think that she has it in her power, if necessity requires, to sustain herself. It should be the aim of all our girls to obtain a thorough knowledge of housekeeping in all its branches, and if to this can be added skill in the cutting out and making of garments, or skill in any other useful employment, it would be a great advantage.

It was with positive admiration that we heard a very dear friend say on one occasion that there was not a garment that any of her family wore—and she had a large family of boys and girls—that she did not make. Such a woman is a credit to her sex and is worthy of honor.

Our children in this country do not appreciate as they should the value of skill. As our population increases, however, and there are more difficulties in the way of getting employment, its importance will be enforced upon us. Skillful men and skillful women, in whatever line they may labor, will always command ready employment and the highest price. Those who possess skill, combined with industry, energy, honesty and punctuality, will always be in demand. These are the qualities which our young people should cultivate. It should be the aim of every boy to master some trade or profession, and to do whatever he attempts in the most skillful and expeditious manner. The same remark will apply to the girls. They should become thoroughly good housewives, and, in addition, acquire skill in some branch or branches for which they have taste.

CERTAIN books are written, not to instruct you, but to let you know that the author knew something.—*Goethe*.

A CURIOUS WAR COSTUME.

WE imagine we hear some of our little readers give an exclamation of horror at the very peculiar figure represented in our engraving. They wonder, no doubt, if such beings do really exist on the earth. We answer yes, for the picture represents the war costume of some savages who live in the Caroline Islands, a group lying in the Pacific Ocean in a south-westerly direction from the Sandwich Islands. This race is not so susceptible to the influences of civilization as are many of the inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, and they cling with great pertinacity to many of their savage habits and peculiarities. The dress of a soldier as here seen consists of a close-fitting garment completely covered with shells, which serves as a protection from blows and darts. Over this an additional covering composed generally of a very tough bark, though sometimes of hide, is given to the stomach breast and back. The shield is composed either of bark or hide cut in strips, and deftly and strongly woven together, so that it can scarcely be penetrated by any of the weapons known to these savages. The spear is made of a very tough though elastic wood, and can be thrown with great force and remarkable precision by the warriors.

In dress the natives are very particular. In addition to tattooing themselves very liberally, they are profuse in their anointings with turmeric, which changes their color from a copper color to that of yellow. Though they cultivate an abundance of hair on the head, they generally allow but little if any to grow on the face. The men of medium and abundant means must make their toilets several times a day, and change their dress as often, while every one must bathe, oil and paint his skin three times a day. All who desire to win respect must wear at least six aprons one over the other. These are made from the

bleached cocoa-nut leaf and are about two feet long. Around the waist is to be bound a scarlet and yellow dyed scarf or belt made of the fibre of the banana. Necklaces, head-band and scarlet tassels in the ears are never to be omitted, while a sort of parasol made from leaves serves the double purpose of

an ornament and protection for the face from the heat. The dress of the women is very similar to that of the men, the only difference being that the former wear a cloth made from bark in place of the aprons.

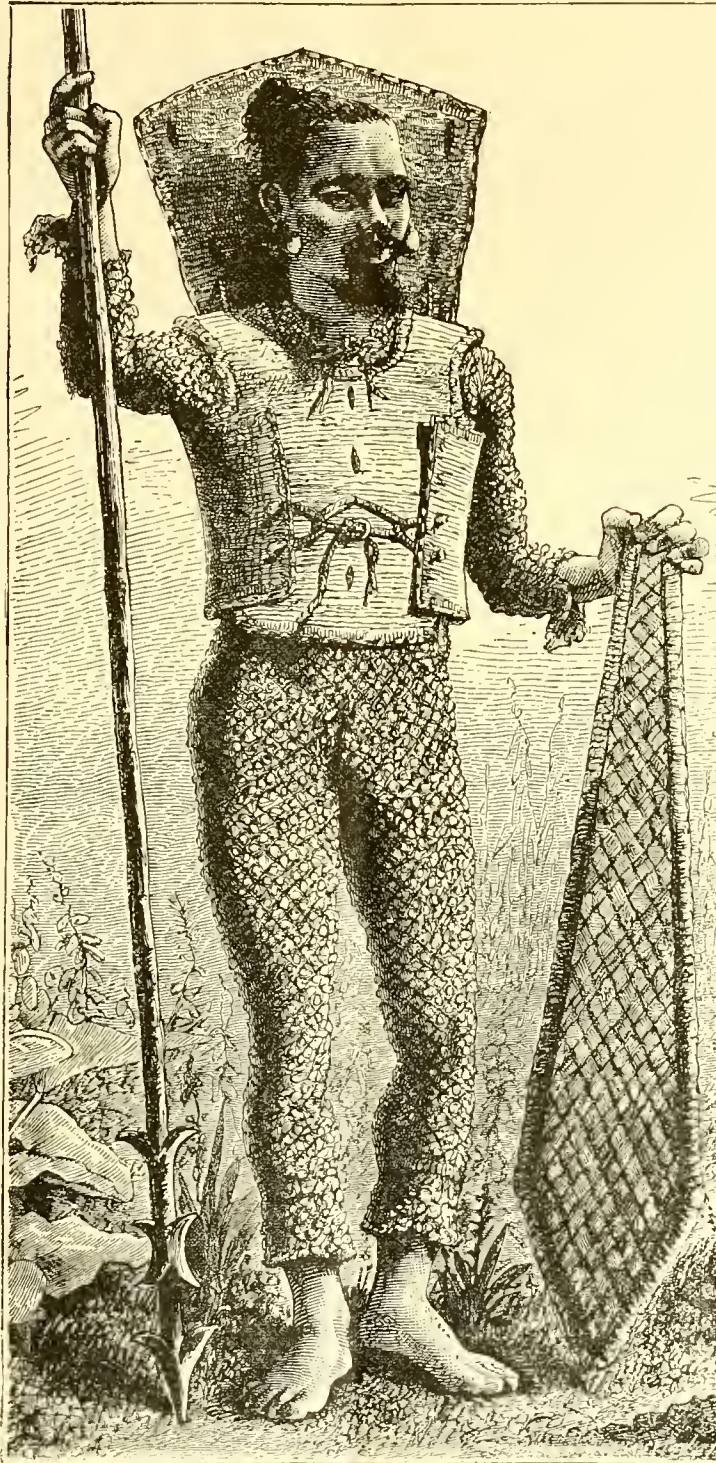
The warriors' dance is a very curious performance, and is thus described by a traveler who witnessed it:

"The dancers have a quantity of plantain leaves brought to them, which they split and shiver into the form of ribands. These they twine and fix round their heads, wrists, waists, ankles and knees; and the leaves being of a yellowish hue, so prepared, have not an inelegant effect when applied to their dark copper skin. They make also bunches or tassels of the same, which they hold in their hands.

"When drawn out, they form themselves into circles of two or three deep, one within another. In general, an elderly man among them begins in a very solemn tone something like a song or long sentence—for our countrymen could not discriminate which it was—and when he comes to a pause, or what we should call the end of a stanza, a chorus is struck up, and the dancers all join in concert, still continuing their figure.

"Their dancing does not so much consist in capering or agility as in a particular method they have of balancing themselves, and this frequently very low sideways, singing together all the while; during which

they will flatten their circle, so as to bring themselves face to face to each other, lifting up the tassels they hold in their hands, and giving them a clashing or tremulous motion. After this there will be a sudden pause, and an exclamation of 'Weel!' Then a new sentence or stanza is repeated and danced to as before, and the same ceremony continued till



every man who engaged in the dance has in his turn had his repetition and chorus."

AN INQUIRY.

BY H. P. D.

(Continued from Page 158)

MR. L. had not been gone more than two hours when a couple of horsemen rode up to the gate, and one of them got down and posted something on the gate-post, and remounting, they rode rapidly away, and fired several shots from their pistols before they were fairly out of sight! All the inmates of the house saw and heard all that transpired.

The host, who, by the way, was a fearless man, and much respected by all who knew him, went out to the gate and soon returned with the notice, which he exhibited to the balance of them, and read as follows: "To the Mormon preacher here—We warn you to get away from here without delay. If we find you on our return to-night, it will fare ill with you." No signature was appended to this note, but on comparing it with other writing it was decided to be Mr. Ls.' hand. All eyes were turned to Mr. C. as he read it, to note the effect on him. His appearance was as though nothing unusual had occurred.

"What will you do about it, Mr. C.?" asked mine host.

"If my presence is likely to cause yourself or family any trouble or in-convenience, if you will indicate it to me," said Mr. C., "I will seek a lodgment elsewhere for the night. I am accustomed to such threats, and sometimes have subjected to pretty rough treatment. But it never fails to bring joy, as it is all for Jesus' sake."

At this moment all the grandeur it was possible for a man to exhibit was manifest in his appearance.

"A mob may possibly visit my house to-night," said the host, "and demand you, but as you seem willing to stay and risk the consequences, all the mobs in Christendom shall not take you away till they first dispose of me."

This was the sentiment of all present; and they prepared themselves to give mobs a warm reception should they make their appearance. Three or four young men, getting wind of the movements of the contemplated mobocrats, quietly stepped in just after supper. And while they were all sitting on the porch about 9 o'clock, a horseman rode slowly past the gate, and stopped a few rods further on: another, and another, did the same, to the number of eight, or ten! They were overheard in a low, smothered consultation for several minutes. Finally one of them more bold than the rest, and who seemed to be a leader, rode up to the gate and hailed. "What is wanted" asked the host? "We want that Mormon you have here!" said the leader. "What use, have you for me," asked Mr. C. "Come out here and see," said the leader. Mr. C. turned to the host, and said, "Let me go out to the middle of the yard, and I think I can parley with them till they become so confused and ashamed of themselves that they will go away without doing any harm."

After some consultation it was agreed that he should go out half way to the gate, there stop and parley with them, while the rest of the company kept watch as sentinels. The host then said to the leader, "Mr. C. will go part of the way toward you and you can say to him what you have to say; but if any violence is offered to him, or any of you attempt to cross the yard fence, we will fire upon you."

Mr. C. walked out into the yard alone and thus addressed the mob:—"Gentlemen, I was not aware that I had done any thing to wound the feelings of any high-minded, honorable gentleman or lady. I have violated no known law, infringed upon the rights of no one; I have told the truth wherever I have spoken, and treated all with whom I have come in contact with the utmost kindness and courtesy. And now please tell me for what intent you seek me."

"We intend to put a stop to your gabbling," said the leader, "and intend to take you along with us."

"My gabbling, sir! What have I said that you or any one else can disprove by the Scriptures, reason or common sense. I came here to tell the people the *truth*, and thus far I have done it with boldness, and my work is not done yet, and the devil is stirred up in consequence and he has put it into your heart to stop it by mob violence; but he is perfectly powerless to do so with all his emissaries in the field! The fiat has gone forth from the mouth of Jehovah that the gospel must be preached to all the world for a witness to them; and the time is near when you will repent in sackcloth and ashes for your present unholy crusade against the principles of eternal truth! The so-called gospel that you have been accustomed to hearing all your life does not stir up the anger of the devil to raise mobs to put it down. And now, sir, if there is a spark of humanity in you or your associates, just stop and think what you would do! What! Stop the word of eternal truth that the people may perish! Tremble and be ashamed, sir, for the curse of Almighty God will rest upon you and your followers for this night's adventure, if you repent not immediately."

While Mr. C. was making this last cut at them he elevated his walking cane and advanced slowly toward them. The mob began to retreat, and soon all precipitately took to flight. Mr. C. returned leisurely to the house amid the greeting of his friends. The host declared that the volley poured into them by Mr. C. was more effective than a volley of musketry by well-trained soldiers. One of the mob declared the next day that there were fully fifty men with Mr. C., all with drawn swords, rapidly advancing with murderous intent. Perhaps his eyes were opened to see some of the guardian angels who are round about God's people.

After Mr. L. left the company on the evening in question, he visited two or three parties, and finally put up at the house of one of the leaders of the mob and awaited their return to learn results. They came sooner than he was expecting them, and all were more or less excited. "What news, gentlemen?" asked the parson.

"We had our trouble for our pains," said one of them. "The whole house and yard were full of them, and they looked *death* at us, for it suddenly turned so light we could see the whites of their eyes, and we got up and sifted."

"That is strange, indeed," said the parson; "there is no moon or star-light to-night; and how so many men could have got wind of your movements as to get there before you, I cannot understand, for I am sure I told no one but ourselves of the contemplated raid."

"The whole thing is inexplicable," said the same speaker, "and, for one, I am done with mobs."

The men soon scattered to their respective homes, and the parson soon retired to his room with anything but pleasant thoughts. He spent a restless night and was up early the next morning and several miles on his way to his home at B. by daylight. He did not want anyone to see him in the community after daylight. The next day being Monday, John also returned, accompanied by Frank to attend to Mr. P.'s in-

terests, while Mr. P. stayed to accompany Mr. C. to B. on the next Saturday. When the parties all arrived at home many inquiries were put to them by friends and neighbors as to the strange lecturer, his doctrines, etc., at the neighboring village. Each party gave his version of the affair; and it was soon found that the parson's differed materially from Frank's and John's.

The next day Frank had a number of hand-bills struck, announcing the appointment on the next Sabbath for Mr. C. to preach in a grove near by, and posted them at every street corner, and all the principal store doors. Madam Rumor was busy with her gossip, and Frank and John were annoyed no little by the curious, with questions.

Mr. L. was seldom seen on the streets, and when he did appear he was morose and silent. His thoughts troubled him, and half the week was gone before he recovered his usual buoyancy of spirits. He had brooded over the thoughts of inciting a mob to stop Mr. C. on his way to B, but not knowing the *day* or the *route* he would come, and knowing too, the expectations of all were too high, and the people too anxious for him to come to take any steps in that direction, to admit of his doing anything of the kind. He thought the next best thing he could do, was to go, in person to a celebrated preacher, to get him to come over and help him to counteract, and put a stop to Mr. C's words. In conversation with some of his friends, after his return to see the preacher he said, "Mr.—will be here, to head off the influence of that Mormon. The whole thing, is of a mushroom growth, and will wither away under the glare of truth."

"If the thing is of that kind, why not let it alone, and not bother about it?" asked one of the company. "From reports, and from what I heard myself of his preaching I think you will find it the hardest nut, you ever tried to crack!"

(To be Continued.)

TITHING A DIVINE LAW.

BY ELDER JOHN SEARS.

THE dealing of God with His people from the early history of the world affords ample proof that He has always required them to make sacrifice. or, in other words, He has laid claim to a certain portion of the treasures of the earth for the carrying on of His work and for all purposes necessary in His divine economy. We are aware of no reason why the Lord should so ordain, except to test the fidelity of His people; for it is evident that the great benefactor of our race has all power to give to whom He will and to withhold at pleasure—to open the windows of heaven and bestow great earthly treasures in such abundance that the recipient could scarcely find room to store them. This He has done repeatedly when His people have been faithful in observing His divine laws.

The first instance recorded in the Bible of the law of tithing is found in the book of Genesis (*ch*v, 18, 19, 20):

"And Melchizedek, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine: and he was the priest of the most high God.

"And he blessed him and said, Blessed be Abram of the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth:

"And blessed be the most high God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thy hand, and he (Abraham) gave him tithes of all."

The Apostle Paul in writing to the Hebrew saints, refers to this same event in the following:

"For this Melchizedek, king of Salem, priest of the most high God, who met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings, and blessed him,

"To whom Abraham gave a tenth part of all." (*Hebrews*, vii, 1, 2.)

In the days of Moses the Lord gave a command that the people should be tithed for the support of the tribe of Levi, whose whole time was devoted to the service of the tabernacle. In the book of Numbers we find the following;

"And, behold, I have given the children of Levi all the tenth in Israel for an inheritance, for their service which they serve, even the service of the tabernacle of the congregation." (*xviii*, 21)

"And all the tithe of the land, whether the seed of the land or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's: it is holy unto the Lord.

"And concerning the tithe of the herd, or of the flock, even of whatsoever passeth under the rod, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord." (*Lev. xviii*, 30, 32.)

"Thou shalt truly tithe all the increase of thy seed that the field bringeth forth year by year.

"And thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God, in the place which He shall choose to place His name there, * * that thou mayest learn to fear the Lord thy God always.

"And if the way be too long for thee, so that thou art not able to carry it; or if the place be too far from thee which the Lord thy God shall choose to set His name there, when the Lord thy God hath blessed thee;

"Then shalt thou turn it into money, and bind up the money in thine hand, and shalt go unto the place which the Lord thy God shall choose.

"And the Levite, (because he hath no part nor inheritance with thee) and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, which are within thy gates, shall come, and shall eat and be satisfied; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands which thou doest." (*Deut. xiv*, 21, 25, 29.)

"And I perceived (said the Prophet Nehemiah) that the portion of the Levites had not been given them; for the Levites and the singers, that did the work, were fled every one to the field.

"Then contended I with the rulers, and said, Why is the house of God forsaken? And I gathered them together, and set them in their place.

"Then brought all Judah the tithe of the corn and the new wine and the oil unto the treasures." (*Neh. xiii*, 10, 11, 17.)

From the foregoing we learn that the Levites and the singers who were ordained to officiate in the house of the Lord, because of the non-observance of the law of tithing had gone to work in the fields from necessity. Thus we see what distress it is possible to entail upon the servants of God who have to labor in the interest of the Church, and depend upon the members to observe the commandments of the Lord in bringing in tithes and offerings. We do not think that the Levites and the singers were to blame for leaving the house of God under the circumstances as they then existed, for it appears that the whole people had forgotten to attend to the wants of those whom God had placed in His holy house to perform the work and entertain the congregation who might attend divine services.

(To be Continued.)

THE BORROWED SUIT.

(Concluded from page 147.)

CHRISTIAN did not struggle long against temptation. When a mind is fully prepared for wrong-doing by a neglect of duties and discontent, it does not take many minutes for the bittererop to come to maturity.

He had little trouble in abstracting the suit the next day, when the merchant and his clerk were at dinner and he was left in charge of the store, nor in conveying them to his own house.

"You are not going to Mr. Dunsmore's to-night?" asked his mother, as she saw him busily engaged in polishing his shoes.

"Yes, I am," he answered, striving to appear indifferent, though he felt rather nervous. "I borrowed a suit."

"Isn't it rather late?" she asked. "It must be nearly ten o'clock."

"Oh, no, not more than half-past nine. People don't go to those kind of parties before nine."

He did not add, however, that the principal reason for his going late was his fear of meeting in the streets of the village some one who might recognize him in his fine clothes.

They were an excellent fit, but in spite of Christian's vanity, he did not enjoy his own appearance. The savor of the fruit of dishonesty was bitter on his palate, and he did not lose the dread of detection until he found himself in the brilliantly-lighted parlors, to him a scene of enchantment.

Will Dunsmore saw him, and whispered to his partner, Miss Martin—

"I'm going to introduce a queer fellow to you, and you can amuse yourself with him as much as you please, for he believes everything you say. He'll make you laugh, and he's not so bad looking, though he's an awful cad. He thinks he has a soul above tape-measuring, and we make him do all kinds of foolish things. It's a case of 'follow my leader,' you know, and sometimes the awkward sheep comes to grief, for of course he can not imitate Edgar and me in *every* thing."

So, with this secret preface, Christian was introduced to Miss Martin, who, to amuse herself and others that stood around, was most gracious.

Supper was announced while he was talking to her, and at once three or four of the gentleman put in their claims to escort her to the table.

"Oh, I can't have promised all of you," she said with a coquettish smile, "and now I am going to settle it. I've always heard that when the merits of rival candidates are equally balanced, some third party, without any claims at all, is chosen. Now that's what I will do. I don't care for supper, only a plate of oyster-soup, which Mr. Dunsmore's '*chef*' says is to be something superb. Now Mr. Lee is to bring me a plate here, if he does not mind the trouble."

Christian's foolish heart swelled with pride at the distinction, and he hurried to the dining-room for the soup. When he returned with it, Miss Martin insisted upon his sitting near and holding the plate while she sipped the soup. While smiling and talking to the lady, his eyes fell upon one of the large windows open to the ground, the sashes of which had been raised to admit the air, for the night was warm. All the little vagabond boys of the village were clustered there to watch the dancers, as the ball-room opened on the street; and when the company filed into supper, they still remained, their attention fixed upon the few who still sat there.

Suddenly Christian recognized, with a thrill of terror, the impudent face of Dan Healy, the errand-boy in Mr. Emmons'

establishment. He was gazing at Christian with eyes and mouth open, as if he could not believe his own senses. Suddenly he cried out—

"Hi, Ned, it's Christian Lee, sure 'nough, if you'd believe it! Crikey! ain't he rigged out, though, and where did he get them fine clothes, I wonder?"

Christian half started up, forgetting the soup that he held. The plate fell, deluging him with its contents, and with a hasty explanation he hurried from the room.

"He is no gentleman," said Miss Martin to Will Dunsmore, that night. "He did not even apologize for his abrupt departure. His clothes were spoiled, but if he had not been a thorough plebeian he would not have minded that."

"Clothes spoiled, eh?" drawled Dunsmore, laughing. "Well, I fancy the poor beggar had good reason to cut and run, if you knew all. I'm afraid he's seen his last of good society."

While his friend and tempter was thus coolly discussing him, Christian Lee, with a heart full of despair, was examining the soiled garments. The front of the coat was only spotted, but the delicately-tinted vest and pants utterly ruined. They could never go back to the store again, and what was he to do?

The only hope which presented itself was that the loss of the suit might not be noticed until he could pay in the money for it. Perhaps his mother might assist him if he told her the whole story, and he would in a day or two. He had forgotten, in his confusion of brain, the little episode of the errand-boy.

He did not fall asleep until day-dawn, and then awakened with a start, to find that he was a full hour beyond his usual time at the store. Sick and wretched, he hurried off, and was met at the door by the head clerk, who told him Mr. Emmons wished to see him in the office.

"Where is that suit you stole from me last night?" thundered the angry merchant. "You needn't lie about it, for you've been seen in it, and on examination I find it missing."

"I didn't intend taking it," faltered Christian, "I only borrowed it for the evening, and it's all spoiled, and"—

"Borrowed it, and it's all spoiled, is it?" retorted Mr. Emmons. "Borrowing and stealing in this case is all the same. Leave this house, sir! You'll hear from me in a few hours!"

Christian did hear from him, for before night he was lodged in jail under the charge of embezzlement. He sent for the two friends whose advice had brought him shame and trouble, but they refused to come.

"You see, it's such a plagny ungentlemanly business," explained Will Dunsmore, "we don't want to be mixed up in it at all. How can we say the fellow didn't mean to steal the clothes? We can't answer for the honesty of people in that class of life. I was to blame for associating with him, and giving him high notions, but I wash my hands of him now."

By mortgaging her house, Mrs. Lee succeeded in paying for the suit, and inducing the merchant to withdraw the charge before the first trial came off. Christian was compelled to seek work at a distance, for the community in which he lived had fastened upon him the stigma of dishonesty, and he could find no employment.

"You were right, mother," he said, sadly, the morning of his departure. "My fine gentlemen friends did not stand the test. Yet why blame them? If they had not found out how weak, and vain, and discontented I was, they would never have

sought me. God willing, I will learn such a lesson from this bitter experience that temptation to do wrong will find me armed against it."

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE announcement that the Manti Temple is so far completed that it can be dedicated, is most gratifying intelligence to every Latter-day Saint. Recently the work of finishing this Temple and of pushing forward the Temple at Salt Lake has been performed under many difficulties. The government suit instituted under the provisions of the Edmunds-Tucker law seeks the confiscation of all our property which we had on hand at the time the law passed. This suit has been pushed with great vigor, and in a manner to show that nothing will be wanting on the part of the representatives of the government to take possession of everything the church owns. If we were a gang of robbers who had accumulated stolen plunder, and not peaceful citizens who only possess that which we have earned, more zeal could not be manifested than there is at the present time to wrench from us our property.

But what are the facts?

The Latter-day Saints have consecrated, under the command of the Lord, one-tenth of their income as a tithing, for the purpose of building up His work on the earth. They have earned this honestly. It has been the result of their toil in a country that has been, in many respects, exceedingly forbidding. The property that has been accumulated has been wrung from the elements by severe contests and unremitting exertions. It is this which is now sought to be taken possession of and taken from us.

We have, in our anxiety to carry out the will of the Lord and to contribute to the redemption of the dead, built temples, the third being now just completed. We have been taught that this grand labor would meet with deadly opposition from Satan. Knowing the value of this work in the saving of souls, he has been determined to do all in his power to obstruct and prevent it. It was so in Kirtland, where the first temple was built, Satan and his emissaries raged when that work was commenced. It was only by unyielding courage and admirable constancy that the house was completed so that it could be dedicated. The attempts which were made in Missouri met with the greatest hostility. At Nauvoo it seemed as though, in one sense, the brethren who labored were compelled to labor with their loaded weapons close at hand to defend themselves and their loved ones against the attacks of mobs. A people with less faith and constancy and courage would have been disheartened by the peculiar surroundings and the hostile demonstrations, in addition to the great poverty, they had to contend with. But God had given the command, and the Latter-day Saints, with unswerving devotion, obeyed that command. The temple was erected, roofed in, and finished sufficiently to admit of the sacred ordinances of the endowments being administered to the faithful Saints.

Next we had the St. George Temple, then the Logan, and now the prospect is that we shall have a third temple, that of Manti, completed so that the Latter-day Saints can enter therein and attend to ordinances for the living and for the dead.

Is it any wonder Satan rages? Is it surprising that hell is

moved to its profoundest depths, and that every effort is made to destroy the work of God? The Edmunds-Tucker law is only devised as a means to obstruct the work of God, to prevent its progress, and to strip the people of the power they otherwise would have to accomplish the purposes that God has in view. This is Satan's method of trying to prevent that which God commands His people to perform. By the blackest falsehoods, by the most malignant misrepresentations, by the grossest slanders, he seeks to arouse the hatred of mankind against the Saints. He puts in motion every agency that is possible to cripple them in their efforts and to put it out of their power to do that which they are commanded.

But notwithstanding all this the work of God still progresses. Another temple is completed, and it is to be hoped that ere long the temple at Salt Lake will be finished and be ready for the Saints to enter and to participate in the holy ordinances there to be administered.

What a glorious privilege it is to live in a day like the present and to take part in this great work of our God! It is our privilege to live at a time when success is assured. This work is destined to prevail. Earth and hell may array themselves against it, but they will be overthrown in all their schemes. The Church of God may have to endure severe ordeals and to pass through deep trials, but with patience, long-suffering, fortitude and the grace of God to assist, it will march onward to victory.

There have been but few generations who have had the privilege of erecting a holy temple to the Lord. Whenever the servants of God have had this privilege, they have esteemed it as one of the greatest honors that could be conferred upon them. King David desired it with exceeding great desire, but was denied the privilege. His son Solomon achieved the work, and it was the glory of his life to build a temple to the Most High God.

We are singularly fortunate in this respect. We have, as a church, already built and dedicated four temples, the fifth is on the eve of being dedicated, and the temple at Salt Lake, the sixth in order, will doubtless be roofed in by the close of this summer.

We are a temple-building generation; and insignificant as we are, we are doing more for the salvation of the children of men, the living and the dead, than any other people of whom we have any knowledge on the face of the earth, however strong they may be numerically or however wealthy. These works give us power with God. They have influence with the heavens. And though the hostility of Satan is aroused at this growth, the Saints will continue to increase in strength, their faith will become stronger, the heavens will be propitious to them, and they will be brought off triumphant over all the opposition with which they have to contend.

This ought to be a happy time for the people of the Manti Temple district, and especially for the Saints who live in Sanpete and Sevier counties. At their very doors they now have opportunities which in value are beyond price. Prophets and apostles and righteous men who have lived would esteem the privileges which residents there have as being of greater value than all earthly honors and riches.

It is to be hoped that we who live in these days and have these precious blessings within our reach will not undervalue them because they are so easily obtained.

GENIUS is only a protracted patience.

HAWAIIAN KAPA.

BY SUSIE YOUNG GATES.

IN a recent issue of a lady's magazine there was an article on the apparel of woman, the eminent writer maintaining that when the gentler sex became completely emancipated, no such things as skirts would appear in their attire.

Although any opinion of mine would carry but little weight when contrasted with such an authority, still I modestly assert that such views on the subject are incorrect. The grace of the flowing skirt, the convenience to its wearer as a concealment, are two reasons, which to my mind, render it extremely unlikely that woman, while she remains womanly, will abandon her dress.

The early custom of the semi-barbaric race by which I am surrounded, offers a very good support of my argument. Long before these natives gazed upon the face of a white man, their ingenuity had contrived to produce a sort of cloth, with which they made a long strip to be wound around the loins of the man, and a sort of narrow skirt for the woman.

Years and the ubiquitous cheap print have driven this industry (the manufacture of kapa) to the wall, and it is rare indeed that the casual visitor can obtain a specimen of it, still less often can be see it under process of manufacture. I have waited many months for this opportunity, and, as all things do to the patient, it came.

One lovely sunny afternoon, a native friend came to inform me that the kapa maker had resumed her occupation, and she was ready to accompany me thither. This created a little ripple of excitement in our quiet colony, and it was but a very short time before a number of us were on our way.

Who could hurry over such grassy meadows, when before us stretched a very dream of loveliness! What words of mine can paint the glory of blue and white overhead, the waves shimmering and dancing into white-wreathed smiles on the beach below, the everlasting green of hill and meadow cut into checkers by waving rice fields, emphasized by clumps of deeply green tropical trees, and framed by the sweeping chain of densely wooded mountains inland! I will not try; but I lingered on the rude log bridge which spanned the slow, placid river winding through the valley, and gazed about me.

Our merry crowd gave me little time to look, but hurried up the hillside, on which stood the lumber house of the kapa manufacturer. A bowery of wilted boughs stood outside the fence and under this lounged several native women.

The features of these people are often comely and pleasant. The women are almost invariably stout, getting coarse and gross as they get older. But they are such a bright, sociable race that one grows to like them in spite of their faults and vices.

The woman who was pointed out to us, arose slowly, and her slim figure and thick head of curly hair was in contrast to the rest of the group.

After general salutations of the inevitable and pleasant "aloha!" we followed her into a low, dark shanty, the floor of which was covered with a native mat; furnished with a bed (on the floor as usual) a few calabashes in one corner, and in another a short, heavy log of wood suspended across the corner on blocks, about eight inches from the floor.

The chorus of pig-grunts which followed our entrance announced the distrust which our arrival created in the minds of our porcine neighbors whose pen joined one side of the shanty. Let me state, however, that this hut is not a fair

sample of the modern native's cottage which is generally very creditable.

Scarcely had we seated ourselves on the mat, before Florence arose with a horrified countenance and fled to the open air.

"Fleas?" we queried.

"No: smell!" she replied.

The native took from the floor a piece of damp, rather slimy stuff, of a dingy gray color and resembling somewhat the wet skin of an animal. She took a little water from a small calabash and wet the square log across the corner, behind which she had seated herself, and laid the sheet of kapa across it. Then taking a stick about ten inches long, and two inches thick, its four sides cut out in different patterns, she commenced to pound the kapa.

Thup! Thup! Thup! From one side to the other she goes over and over again. Then drawing it up in her hands, she clapped and shook it.

As this log was only about four inches square we could have some idea of the amount of time required to pound it from the time it was only about four inches wide until it had stretched out to a quilt five or six feet long and four feet wide.

While she went on with the horribly monotonous thup, we plied her with questions:

"What was it like when you first commenced to work?"

She pulled down some long strips of a pale yellow stuff, about four inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick. It was a very tough, fibered substance.

"Where did you get that?"

"Oh, that was the bark of a tree, which was pulled off, soaked into a pulpy mass and then pounded together like this."

"Then what?"

Then she did just what we were watching her do, wet the log, put the stuff on it, took her stick, and pound, pound, pound.

"Oh dear," sighed one weary-eared one, "do you pound that until it stretches out to be a long quilt?"

"Aye," she answered.

She showed us the stick, a number of them, in fact, which were cut into lines, squares, diamonds, and various simple designs. One pattern was always used for one side, another one, of a different size usually, being used next across the other way; which thus made a confused jumble of designs on the finished material.

"And after it had all been pounded out to its proper size?"

It was then dried in the sun, and afterwards either bleached a dull white or colored with red or yellow.

The original uses to which this material had been put were next explained.

Skirts for the women, reaching nearly to the knee, and quilts for the beds were the most common ways. The quilts, *maoli*, or genuine native *kapas*, were five layers, usually of white in the center, the outside layers being yellow, and sometimes a bright red. This latter color, however, was only used by the chiefs, the common people being forbidden to wear or use *kapas* of this shade. The royal color is yellow. And sometime I shall like to speak of the famous yellow feather cloak owned by the present monarch.

Another of our company had reluctantly retreated from our midst, and was chatting outside, seated on the grass.

"Smell?" we asked.

"No: fleas," he answered.

"But this kapa, which is a sort of paper, would melt, I should think, if taken or worn out in the rain?"

"Aye, pela no," she assented.

"What would you do then anciently if you wanted to go out and it was raining?"

"Waiho!" (Take it off.)

"And go with nothing on at all?" queried a half dozen horrified voices.

"Aye," she drawled, smiling in reply.

"Then your skirt was a sort of ornament, not a useful garment?"

The same smiling rejoinder greeted this question.

We turned to the kapa itself and inquired how these various patterns had been cut in the hard, iron-like wood before Captain Cook brought knives.

With a shark's tooth. Which makes a very sharp instrument, let me assure you. And naturally we preferred to hold one in our hand than to be in any likelihood of having the case reversed.

As we sauntered home our talk drifted shark-ward, and one of our number who is an excellent swimmer, told us how he and a companion swam to an island lying about two miles away. They reached it safely and walked across it a short distance, and while remarking about the evident depth of the water at this spot (plainly discerned from the color), suddenly a short distance out they saw the fluke of a shark arise out of the clear, dark blue. They recalled then the many native stories they had heard, but ridiculed, of this identical place being a shark's den. It didn't take them long to beat a retreat and start for mainland. They separated, one taking the short cut, the other deliberately returning the way they had come.

A native boy brought one of us a shark's head the other day, with its cruel teeth all set in different directions; and, altogether, I am of the opinion that our subsequent evening surf-bath was considerably shortened and spoiled by our shark talk.

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST."

THE name of Horace Greeley is connected so often with the words, "Go West, young man, go West," that the one is seldom thought of or spoken without the latter. The phrase "Go West," may have been used often in Mr. Greeley's paper, but the origin of the words—the incident that brought them into being, and made them as familiar as household words, is not generally known.

Tom Lincoln was an out-and-out specimen of the New York easy, devil-may-care hangers-on. He always had some position about the Custom House or City Hall, and Greeley, in his own peculiar way, had taken a strong fancy to him. Greeley called Lincoln "Tom," and Tom called Greeley "Horace," whenever they met. If Tom, by his too easy ways, lost his sinecure of bookkeeper or deputy something or other, he went at once to the dingy little room in the *Tribune* building and had a session with Horace, and the result was that Tom's name was very soon on the pay-roll of some department.

One day Tom came swinging into Mr. Greeley's room, threw himself into a chair, and in his usual tone said:

"Horace, I'm up a stump again, and must have a place."

Mr. Greeley never looked up from his paper, but simply bobbed his spectacles a little and said:

"Tom, how long was you in the Custom House?"

"Six years, Horace."

"How long at the City Hall?"

"Ten years, Horace, off and on."

"Sixteen years. Well, Tom, how much money have you made?"

"Not a cent, Horace."

"Not a cent—not a cent." (Some little *italic* words, as the printers call them, were interspersed with the remark, but we leave them out.) "Sixteen years in office in New York City and never saved a cent. *Go West, young man, go West.*"

Tom tried to explain that he had been honest and his salary low, and all that; but he might as well have talked to a stone or post. Horace Greeley had done with him.

From that day on Tom and Horace were not on speaking terms, and we heard Tom say one day, that he never thought of the old philosopher that there did not come ringing into his ears the prophetic words, "Go West, young man, go West." This is the origin of the phrase, as Tom Lincoln and those who knew him well will tell you.

CAN CATS REASON?

BARON Von Gleichen, a German diplomatist, used to tell a story of a favorite cat as a proof that the feline race can think and draw practical conclusions. The cat was very fond of looking in mirrors hung against the walls, and would gnaw at the frames, as if longing to know what was inside. She had, however, never seen the back side of a mirror. One day the baron placed a cheval-glass in the middle of the room, and the cat instantly took in the novelty of the situation.

Placing herself in front, and seeing a second cat, she began to run around the mirror in search of her companion. After running round one way several times, she began to run the other, until fully satisfied that there was no cat beside herself outside of the glass. But where was the second cat?

She sat down in front of the glass to meditate on the problem. Evidently inside, as she had often before imagined. Suddenly a new thought occurred to her.

Rising deliberately, she put her paws on the glass in front and then behind, walked round to the other side, and measured the thickness in the same way. Then she sat down again to think.

There might be a cavity inside, but it was not large enough to hold a cat. She seemed to come to the deliberate conclusion that there was a mystery here, but no cat, and it wasn't worth while to bother about it. From that time the baron said she lost all curiosity about looking-glasses.

THERE is a Grecian story of one who killed himself through envy. A rival had been successful in the public games, and the citizens reared a monument to his honor. Every night the envious man went out to attempt to destroy the monument. After repeated efforts he moved it from its pedestal, and it fell, and in its fall it crushed him. All envy is suicidal.

O SAY WHAT IS TRUTH.

Words by J. JAQUES.
Moderato.

Music by J. G. FONES.

1. O say what is truth: 'Tis the fair - est gem That the rich - es of worlds can pro - duce;
And price - less the val - ue of truth will be when The proud mon - arch's cost - li - est
di - a - dem Is counted but dross and re - fuse. Is count - ed but dross and re - fuse.

Yes, say, what is truth? 'Tis the brightest prize
To which mortals or Gods can aspire:
Go search in the depths where it glittering lies,
Or ascend in pursuit to the loftiest skies,
'Tis an aim for the noblest desire.

The scepter may fall from the despot's grasp
When with winds of stern justice he copes,
But the pillar of truth will endure to the last,

And its firm-rooted bulwarks outstand the rude blast,
And the wreck of the fell tyrant's hopes.

Then say, what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first,
For the limits of time it steps o'er:
Though the heavens depart, and the earth's fountains
burst,
Truth, the sum of existence, will weather the worst,
Eternal, unchanged, evermore.

THE BOTTOM DOLLAR.

DURING the war, a poor fellow in a hospital asked in confidence of an attendant for the loan of a small sum of money. He kindly inquired what he could buy for him that would add to his comfort, but got no satisfaction from his answers. Was it tobacco he wanted? "No; but, to tell you the truth, Mr. A., a fellow feels *so mean* without a cent in his pocket." The word went out and a benevolent gentleman sent down a large sum in fractional currency, to give to poor hospital soldiers who "hadn't a cent in their pockets."

Other people besides sick soldiers find a state of "impecuniosity" anything but agreeable. One who has not a cent in his pocket is very apt to feel mean as he goes about among men. There will be a hundred things tempting him to buy, just because he can't do it; whereas if he had the money he would pass them by with an even mind, feeling that he could get them if he wished.

It is a good rule never to spend the bottom dollar except in a great emergency. Earn another to go with it before you let it go out of the purse. Even a small sum of "emergency money" gives a feeling of comfort and independence which those who are one half the time penniless never knew. If the rule was strictly followed by our laboring peo-

ple, out of all the money earned, it would lighten, by half, the burden of the hard times. You will see this difference in people very early in life. Of two young men just setting out for themselves, whose circumstances average very well, one will always have money in his pocket, while the other is all the while "under the harrow" for money to meet his current expenses.

Young man, begin right if you wish to get any real comfort out of your income, be it large or small.

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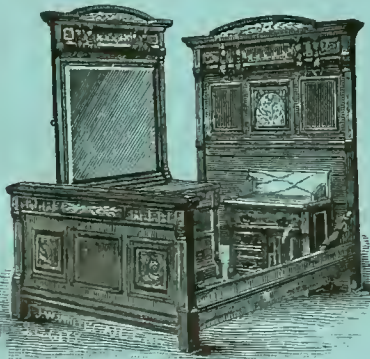
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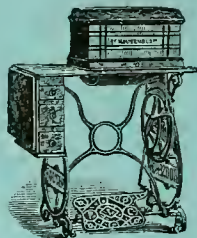
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